THE

TENTH SATYR

OF

JUVENAL,

English and Latin.

The English by *Tho Shadwell.*

With Illustrations upon it.

Licensed, *May* 25. 1687.

LONDON,

Printed for *Gabriel Collins* at the Middle-Temple Gate in *Fleetstreet.* 1678. [i.e. 1687]

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TO
Sir Charles Sidley.

SIR,

YOU have so many years together pursued me with your Favour and Bounty, that I ought to have been alwaies upon the Watch for an opportunity of Publishing my Gratitude. Your late great obligation in giving me the advantage of your Comedy, call'd *Bellamira*, or the *Mistress*, has given me a fresh subject for my Thanks; and my Publishing this *Translation* affords me a new opportunity of owning to the World my grateful resentments to you. I am heartily glad that your *Comedy* (as I never doubted) found such success, that I never met with any Man of Sence but applauded it: And that there is abundance of Wit in it, your *Enemies* have been forced to confess. For some you have, though I cannot but wonder why you should have any, who are so careful in all your *Actions*, that you never injure any *Gentleman*: and so void of *Scurrilitie* in all your *Conversation*, that I never heard you speak ill of one behind his back: a *vice* too often practised among our *English Gentry*. But there will be alwaies Enemies to *Wit* and *Common Sence*, who for that reason cannot be *Friends* to you For the Judgment of some *Ladies* upon it that it is *obscene*, I must needs say they are *Ladies* of a very *quick apprehension*, and did not their thoughts lye very much that way, they could not find more *obscenity* in that than there is in every other *Comedy*. These *Nymphs* though they are so over *nice* in words, may perhaps, be *frank* enough in their actions. And I have have known the time when they would have been more favourable to you. The great favour you did me, in giving me

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this Play, with all the reſt of your obligations to me, as I will never forget, ſo I ſhall be alwaies proud of an occaſion to boaſt of ſo good a *Patron*; who uſes me not as ſome *Supercilious* Men would (who do good meerly out of *Vanity*) as a troubleſome hanger on: But treats me with the civility and kindneſs of a Friend. And I have had the honour to have alwaies found as much of both from him, as if I had obliged him in receiving, as much as he me in conferring his benefits.

It is honour enough for me, that I have from my *Youth* Lived in yours, and, as you know, in the *favour* of the *wittieſt men of England*, your familiar *friends and acquaintance*, who have encouraged my Writings; and ſuffer'd my Converſation. I mean not any of the *profeſs'd Poets*; for I take none of them to be of that *Rank*, and moſt of 'em *God* knows are far enough from it. But it has happen'd in our time, that ſome few men of *Quality* have been much the *greateſt wits* of the *age*, nor do I think *England* ever produced ſo great in any *age*, the loſs of two of which, the *Earl of Rocheſter*, and the *Duke of Buckingham*, we who had the honour to be acquainted with them can never bewail enough.

After all this I muſt think I hope without *vanity*, that the Author of *Mack-Fleckno* reflects more upon himſelf than me; where he makes *Fleckno* commend *Dulneſs*, and chuſe me for the *Dulleſt* that ever writ; and repeats *dull, dull, &c.* over and over: indeed he gives his own *dullneſs* a civiller term, and calls it being *Saturnine*. But ſure he goes a little too far in calling me the *Dulleſt*, and has no more reaſon for that, than for giving me the *Iriſh* name of *Mack*, when he knows I never ſaw *Ireland* till I was three and twenty years old, and was there but four Months.

Beſides as I have heard you obſerve the foundation of that *Libel* is *falſe* and *unnatural*; for tho ſome may have miſtaken *dulneſs* for *wit*, and commended it as ſuch; yet no man ever commended *Dullneſs as dulneſs*.

Had

Had he ſtaid till he had ſupplied the *Stage* with more new *humour* then I have done, or till he had written a better *Comedy* then *Epſom Wells*, or *the Virtuoſo* (neither of which by the way are taken from a *Novel*, or ſtollen from a *Romance*) he might with a better *Grace*, and more *Authority* have pronounced me *dull*. But he is not content with that, but has another fling at me for playing upon the *Lute*. I muſt confeſs that that and all other Gentleman-like Exerciſes, which I was capable of Learning, my Father was at the charge of, and let the Libeller make his beſt of it.

I hope Sir you will not think me guilty of Arrogance in my own Vindication, eſpecially ſince there have been ſuch ſtrong endeavours to depreſs me, and by thoſe who had leaſt reaſon to do it.

It is hard to believe that the ſuppoſed *Author* of *Mack-Fleckno* is the real one, becauſe when I taxed him with it, he denyed it with all the Execrations he could think of. However my *Dullneſs* admits of an excuſe, becauſe I endeavour to avoid it all I can. But had I been baſe or diſhoneſt, I could have made none, yet if he pleaſes to let my *Reputation* alone, I ſhall not envy him the *Fame* he has.

And now Sir 'tis time to give you an acconnt why I publiſh this Tranſlation. I have I muſt confeſs ever look'd upon Tranſlating as a difficult, and irkſom piece of Drudgery, and below any man who had a genius of his own, and have been as much averſe to it as I ſhould be to the making of a *Dictionary*: For though both of 'em are works of publick benefit, yet they are unpleaſant all the while.

I was provoked to this firſt by the ſuppoſed *Author* of *Mack-Fleckno*, who ſaies in another Pamphlet; that to his knowledge, I underſtand neither Greek nor Latin, though in *Bury* School in *Suffolk*, and *Cajus* Colledge in *Cambridge*, the places of my Youthful Education, I had not that reputation, and let me tell him he knows the contrary.

And Secondly by another Writer, who (without any provocation whatſoever, I having ſeen him but once in my Life, when

when he was pleas'd to thank me for a civility I did him.) abuſed me after that in Print, where he ſaies *Bavius* and *Mævius* ought to have been reſerved by Fate to be Tranſlated by me and *Settle*. I will not compare my ſelf with him, but I leave it to him to conſider, whether *Settle* has not out-done all that he has yet produc'd in Poetry. It was at beſt an ungentile thing in his friend, who ſuffer'd thoſe Verſes to be prefix'd to his Book, ſince I had never given him the leaſt offence, or ſo much as ſeen him.

But to trouble you Sir with no more Digreſſions of this kind, I have endeavour'd in this Tranſlation to come as near the words and thoughts of my Author, as my skill in both Languages could enable me. I have omitted no part of his Sence, nor have I varied from it, nor added to it, but in ſome few places where it was neceſſary to a meer Engliſh Reader, for explanation. I will not ſay as a *Cock Tranſlator* does of *Lucretius* and *Virgil*, that he has added nothing but what he is confident the Authors would themſelves were they now Living, by which arrogant ſaying he would inſinuate that his *Genius* is much like theirs, or equal with them.

I have not endeavour'd to make it an *Engliſh Poem*, nor to fit it to our *Cuſtomes* and *Manners*, but to retain the *Roman* ones, and as much as ever I could to preſerve the *Spirit* of the *Author*; and to that end have made it as much a *Tranſlation* as I could. For I have obſerv'd in all *Paraphraſes* upon the *Greek* and *Roman Authors* of the firſt Rank, the *Strength* and *Spirit* of them is deaded, and in ſome quite loſt.

At beſt the thoughts of thoſe *Paraphraſtical Writers*, mixing with thoſe of ſuch noble Authors, look like patches of homely Wollen upon the richeſt Silk. Becauſe the *modern* ages have produced no *Genius* like theirs; the imaginations muſt be very different and unequal; and methinks ſuch *Poems* go down like *Wine* of two taſts. Some by *Paraphraſing* do nothing but beat out the Senſe thinner, as Gold-Beaters do Gold.

In keeping cloſe to my *Author*, I am forced to make my *Periods* ſometimes in the middle of Lines; contrary to the late

late English practise: and I have alwaies chosen rather to make a rough Verse, than to loose the Sense of *Juvenal*. Tho I must needs say, I do not think great smoothness is required in a *Satyr*, which ought to have a *severe* kind of *roughness* as most fit for *reprehension*, and not that gentle *smoothness* which is necessary to *insinuation*.

I have added some *Notes* or *Illustrations* upon the *Satyr*, some being necessary to all who are not conversant with the Author, though otherwise good Schollars: And for the sake of those who are not such, I have added more. So that (as it was my chief end) I hope I have made the *Original* clearly to be understood by any one who is the least a *Grammarian*. And, if I find this *Essay* to be favourably received, I will go on with the rest of the *Author*, in which I have already made some progress. Though I can only do it by way of diversion, I having more material business upon my hands at this time.

My friend Mr. *Higden* has made an ingenious *version* of this *Satyr*, but in other *Numbers*, and a different *way*, so that we shall not interfere one upon another.

I shall say nothing of the *Author* or his Life, till my *translation* grows into a *larger Volumne*. For the Dry *Critiks* who object that he is too severe and bitter, and that his *Satyrs* are more fit for *Declamations* then *Poems*, I think them not worth the answering. I have chosen this *Satyr* to give the Reader as a *Sample*; it being one of the *wisest*, and *noblest* in the Book; wherein any man may perceive the difference between the *Wisdom* and *Dignity* of *true Roman Satyr*, and the *Levity* and *baseness* of *false English Libells*. But Sir I ask your pardon for troubling you so long, and now shall only assure you that I am proud of any opportunity of Publishing to the World that I am,

Sir, Your most obliged humble Servant.

THO. SHADWELL.

Postscript.

I have prefixt before my Translation of this Satyr, a version of that famous Answer of *Cato* to *Labienus*, who would have him consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon* in the *Lybian* Deserts.

FUll of the *God* (within his ſilent Breaſt)
Words worthy of the *Oracle* h' expreſt.
What *Labienus* would y' inquire if I:
As a free *Roman*, had not rather dye
Bravely in Arms, than ſtoop to * *Mouarchy?*
If we in Life can any value ſee?
Or whether long or ſhort much diff'rent be,
If any *violence* can depreſs the *brave?*
Or *Fortunes* threats force againſt *Vertue* have.
Are great attempts by not ſucceeding leſs?
Does a brave act grow braver by ſucceſs?
We of theſe truths ſuch full conviction find,
Heav'n cannot fix them deeper in the mind.
We all on God, as parts of him depend;
There does the mighty chain begin and end.
Were *Temples* ſilent, the *Almighty* will,
Spight of our ſelves, we cannot but fulfill.
Heav'n needs no voice, to tell us what to do,
At firſt it plants in man all he ſhould ever know.
Nor could a *God* ſo narrowly provide
For *human kind*, in theſe parch'd Sands to hide
Truth for a few, to all the reſt deni'd.
Where can you think the Seat of God to find,
But in *Earth*, *Sea*, or *Air*, *Heav'n*, or a *Virtuous* mind?
Why ſhould we ſeek him farther then? for he
Is whereſoe're you move, and whatſoe're you ſee.
Let doubtful men their *Fortune Tellers* try,
And Anxious into future chances Pry
No *Oracle* can e're my doubt ſecure
But certain *Death*; that does my mi nd aſſure.
Impartial *Death* that ſtrikes alike at all,
As well the *Coward* as the *Brave* muſt fall.

* *Monarchy from the time of the Tarquins, was become odious to Romans, and Cato was the moſt obſtinate of all the Republicans.*

Cato ad Labienum, *Lucan. lib. 9.*

Ille Deo plenus tacita quem mente gerebat
Effudit dignas aditis è pectore voces
Quid Queri Labiene jubes? an liber in Armis
Occubuisse velim potius quam Regna videre?
An sit vita nihil? sed longa an differat Ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bonis? Fortunaq; perdat
Opposita Virtute minas? laudandaq; Velle
Sit satis? & nunquam successu Crescat honestum?
Scimus: & hoc nobis non altius inserit Ammon
Hæremus cuncti superis: Temploq; tacente
Nil facimus non sponte Dei; nec vocibus ullis
Numen eget: Dixitq; semel nascentibus Autor
Quicquid scire Licet. Steriles nec Legit Arenas
Ut caneret paucis mersitq; hoc pulvere Verum.
Estne Dei sedes nisi Terra & Pontus & Aer?
Et Cælum & Virtus? superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcunq; vides quocunq; moveris
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperq; futuris
Casibus ancipites. Me non oracula certum
Sed Mors certa facit, Pavido fortiq; Cadendum est.

JUVENAL Satyr X.

IN all the Earth, between the wide extreams
Of (1) *Gades* Weſt, and Eaſtern (2) *Ganges* Streams
Free from a Cloud of Error few have skill
To know what's truly *good* for 'em, or ill,
With Reaſon what do we deſire or fear?
(3) What do you aim at (be it ne're ſo dear)
Or *luckily begun)* but when 'tis gain'd,
You ſoon repent you of your wiſh obtain'd?
What Families the (4) eaſie Gods o'rethrow,
Granting thoſe *Pray'rs* they make themſelves t' undo!
For *harmful Offices* we blindly pray
In *Peace*, as well as War, not ſeldom they,
Who flow with pureſt ſtreams of *Eloquence*,
Show thoſe rich Torrents at their lives expence:
(5) *Milo* confiding in the wondrous ſtrength
Of Brawny arms, periſh't by that at length.
But moſt by *Wealth* (rak'd up with *anxious care*
Exceeding uſual *Patrimonies* farr
As (6) *Britiſh Whales* do *Dolphins*) ruin'd are
In *Nero*'s bloody times, *Troops* of *arm'd bands*
Begirt (7) *Longinus* Houſe, at his commands,
And, in his *Princely Gardens*, did encloſe
The too rich (8) *Seneca*, and Beſieged the houſe
Of (9) *Lateranus*; *but they ne're infeſt*
The (10) *Garret, or the poor mans Room moleſt.*
Though Journying you but little *Silver* bear
By Night, a Sword, or (11) Quarter-ſtaff you fear;
And a Reeds motion in a Moon-light Night
Shall make you quake and tremble with the fright.
While the poor man void of all precious things
In Company with Thieves jogg's on and Sings.
Almoſt the leaſt, and moſt known (12) *vows* are theſe
In all the *Temples*, may our Wealth encreaſe;
Our *Treaſure* ſwell, and may our Cheſt alone
Be for its lageneſs in the (13) *Forum* known.

No

JUVENAL *Satyr* X.

OMnibus in Terris quæ ſunt a Gadibus uſq;
Aurorem, & Gangem pauci digno ſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atq; illis multum diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede conſipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat votiq; peracti?
Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipſis
Dii faciles, nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur
Militia, Torrens dicendi copia multis
Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia. Viribus ille
Confiſus periit admirandiſq; Lacertis.

Sed plures nimia congeſta pecunia curâ
Strangulat, & cunctis extuperans patrimonia cenſus,
Quanto Delphinis Balæna Britannica major.

Temporibus diris igitur juſſuq; Neronis
Longinum, & magnos Senecæ Pradivitis hortos
Clauſit, & egregios Lateranorum obſidit Ædes
Tota Cohors: rarus venit in Cœnacula Miles.
Pauca licet portes argenti vaſcula puri
Nocte iter ingreſſus, gladium Contumq; timebis,
Et motæ ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram,
Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

Prima fere vota, & cunctis notiſſima Templis
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes, & maxima toto
Noſtra ſit Arca Foro.

No Poyſon is in Earthen (14) *Veſſels brought*
In Gold adorn'd with (15) *Gemms beware each draught*
When in *wide bowls* there (16) ſparkles (17) *Setine Wine*,
How do you then approve his wiſe Deſign,
(18) Who with continual *ſcorn* did *Laughter* vent?
When 'ere one ſtep beyond his Doors he went?
O'th' contrary, (19) Another ſtill did wail,
To laugh at ſilly things we cannot fail.
But what prodigious Fountain could ſupply,
For each occaſion, moiſture to his eye?
Perpetual Laughter did the Lungs excite,
Of Wiſe *Democritus* the *Abderite*;
Yet no (20) *Prætexta*, nor no (21) *Trabea* there,
No (22) *Litters*, (23) *Faſces*, nor (24) *Tribunals* were:
Had he within the duſty (25) *Circus* been
And our vain (26) *Prætor*, with exalted *meen*
(27) Standing within his lofty Charriot ſeen:
In (28) *Joves* embroyder'd Coat, and *Tyrian* Gown,
Hung with a *Mantle* from his Shoulders down,
Large as a Piece of Tap'ſtry with a Crown,
An *orb* too large for one neck to ſuſtain,
His (29) *publick ſervant*, with much ſweat and pain,
Behind him does thoſe weighty *Enſigns* bear,
And in that very Charriot muſt appear.
Not pleas'd too much muſt the great Conſul be,
With him a ſlave to * check his Pride we ſee,
Add th' (30) *Ivory Scepter* which the *Prætor* bears
On which the *Eagle* upon wing appears;
Here the loud *Cornets* march, and there before,
Long Troops of (31) *Clients*, and of Slaves great ſtore:
A train of (32) white rob'd *Citizens* attends
(33) The *Charriot Wheeles*, which mercenary friends
(34) The *Sportula* did make. How had his ſpleen
Been exerciſ'd if he all this had ſeen?
Who could in all *Aſſemblies* of *Mankind*
(Then wiſer much) juſt cauſe of *Laughter* find,
His wondrous prudence plainly does declare

——————*ſed nulla reconita bibuntur*
Fictilibus: tunc illa time, cum pocula ſumes
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
Protuleratq; pedem: flebat contrarius alter?
Sed facilis cuivis rigidi cenſura cachinni:
Mirandum eſt, unde ille oculis ſuffecerit humor.
Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat
Democritus, quanquam non eſſent urbibus illis
Prætexta & Trabeæ, Faſces, Lectica, Tribunal.
Quid ſic vidiſſet Prætorem curribus altis
Exſtantem, & medio ſublimem in pulvere Circi
In tunicâ Jovis & pictæ Sarrana ferentem
Ex humeris Aulæa togæ, magnæq; coronæ
Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non ſufficit ulla?
Quippe tenet ſudans hunc publicus, & ſibi Conſul
Ne placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem.
Da nunc & volutrem, ſceptro quæ ſurgit eburno,
Illinc cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia & niveos ad frena Quirites,
Defoſſa in loculis, quos ſportula fecit amicos
Tum quoq; materiam riſus invenit ad omnes
Occurſus hominum, cujus prudentia monſtrat

A *boggy soil*, a dark and *foggy Air*
The Countrey full of *Sheepsheads* may give birth
To *greatest men*, and *best examples* upon Earth.
He laugh'd at *Vulgar business*, *Vulgar cares*,
He both their *joy* derided, and their *Tears*.
When threatning *Fortune* seem'd on him to frown,
Upon her *power* he could look bravely down;
With *scorn* he pointed at her, and could say
Be hang'd; whilest ev'ry thing for which we *pray*,
And fix with (35) Wax our *vows* upon the knees
Of all the most *propitious Deities*,
Is or superfluous, or pernicious known,
Some from high *pow'r* by envy headlong thrown,
(36) Some by *inscriptions* fill'd with each degree
Of all their *Noble Titles*, ruin'd be;
Their *Statues* are with *Halters* (37) drag'd about
The *Streets*, as objects for the *scoffing Rout*.
The (38) *Charriot Wheeles* must feel the *Axes* stroke,
And the poor innocent *Horses* Legs be broke.
Now the *Smiths* Forges hiss, the Bellows play,
And that same *head* so much *ador'd* to day,
That *head*, red hot within the fire became,
And great *Sejanus* crackled in the flame.
Mechanicks soon from that so *Worship't* face
Which bore in all the World the second place,
Forge little *Platters*, and small *water Cans*
With *Basons*, *Chamber-pots*, and *Frying-pans*.
With (39) *Laurel Garlands* be our Houses Crown'd;
Make haste and let the large *White Bull* be found,
And drawn to *Capitolian Jove*; for now
Sejanus is become a publick show:
(41) Drag'd by a *Hook*, fix'd in his *throat*, and all
The *Vulgar* shout at this great *Fav'rites* fall.

Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturos
Vervecum in patria crassoq; sub aëre nasci.
Ridebat curas necnon & gaudia vulgi:
Interdum & lacrymas, cum fortunæ ipse minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumq; ostenderet unguem.
Ergo supervacua aut pernitiosa petuntur,
Propter quæ fas est genua incerare Deorum.
Quosdam præcipitat subjecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ, mergit longa atq; insignis honorum
Pagina, descendunt Statuæ restemq; sequuntur.
Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis
Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
Jam stridet ignes, jam follibus atq; caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ.
Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum,
Cretatumq; bovem: Sejanus ducitur unco
Spectandus: gaudent omnes.

Sum-

(42) Bleſs me what ugly *blabber-lipps* had he!
A hanging look! and, if you'l credit me,
This fellow I could never once abide.
(43) Can you tell pray for what great crime he dyed?
Who the *Informer*? who the *Evidence*?
What *Ouvert Act*? what proof of his Offence?
(44) None, none of theſe, but a long (45) Letter ſent
From (46) *Capreæ*, full of words and Eloquent.
(47) 'Tis well, I ſhall enquire no more: (48) what now
Does all the crowd of *Roman People* do?
It alwaies follows Fortune, and does hate
All who are wretched, and condemned by Fate.
Her (49) *Tuſcans* cauſe had Goddeſs *Nurſcia* bleſt,
And the ſecure old *Emperour* been oppreſt,
Sejanus it had call'd this very hour,
Auguſtus, and ſaluted *Emperour*.
Romans, ſince they no (50) *ſuffrages* could boaſt
Supinely careleſs, all great thoughts have loſt.
Who *Faſces Legions Empire* all things gave,
But two poor things ſolicitouſly crave,
That they may (51) *bread*, and *Games* 'th *Circus* have:
(52) Yet many more there are condemn'd I hear.
No doubt. (53) the *Emperours* rage does not appear.
I met *Brutidius* pale and wan with fear,
At *Mars* his *Altar*, looking as (54) hee'd kill
Himſelf, like *Ajax*, when his cauſe ſucceeded ill.
Lets run with ſpeed while yet the *Carkaſs* lies
Upon the *bank* under the *Gemonies*,
That we may ſpurn at *Cæſars* Enemy.
Call all our *Slaves*, and let 'am all ſtand by,
Leaſt any of them ſhould the fact deny.
And therefore ſhould their trembling *Maſters* draw
Bound by their necks, to tryal of the Law.

Thus

——————*quæ labra? quis illi*
Vultus erat? nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
Hunc hominem: sed quo cecidit sub crimine; quisnam
Delator? quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit?
Nil horum; verbosa & grandis Epistola venit
A Capreis: bene habet; nil plus interrogo, sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
Damnatos, idem Populus, si Nursia Tusco
Favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
Principis, hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora
Augustum. Jam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
Vendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, Fasces, Legiones, omnia, nunc se
Continet, atq; duas tantum res anxius optat
Panem & Circenses. Perituros audio multos.
Nil Dubium: magna est fornacula: Pallidulus mi
Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram.
Quam timeo, victus ne pœnas exigat Ajax,
Ut male defensus. Curramus præcipites &
Dum jacet in ripa, calcemus Cæsaris hostem.
Sed videant servi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
Cervice obstricta Dominum trahat.——

Thus 'bout *Sejanus* they their thoughts declare,
And thus the *Vulgars* ſecret murmurs are.
Now would you have *Sejanus wealth* and *pow'r*,
And be ſaluted as he was before?
Give this 'ith *State*, the *Chief Authority*;
To this 'ith' *Army* higheſt *Dignity*:
Or would you *Guardian* of an *Emp'rour* reckon'd be?
Who lulls himſelf in (56) narrow *Capreæ's Grots*
With his lewd *h rd* of *Aſtrologick Sots*?
Should you deſire to lead a mighty *Band*
Of *Foot* and *Horſe*, and the (57) *Prætorian Camp* command;
I grant that thoſe may wiſh the *power* to kill,
Who are too merciful to have the *will*.
But what can *proſp'rous Dignity* avail,
When th' *ill* outwei'ghs the *good* in every Scale?
Would you his noble *Purple Garment* wear,
Who to the *Gemonies* is dragg'd, or bear
In ſome ſmall *City* ſmall *Authority*?
In homely woollen *Robes* ſome (58) *Ædile* be,
And ſit in *Judgment* over *meaſures* there,
Breaking thoſe *Veſſels* which too ſmall appear?
You will confeſs *Sejanus* knew not then
What things were fit to be deſir'd by *men*.
Who too great *wealth* or *honours* do acquire,
But raiſe their *Tow'rs* ſo many *Stories* higher,
T' encreaſe their *fall*, and make their *ruine* worſe;
Which from the *dreadful præcipice* has greater *force*.
What *Craſſus* or Great *Pompey* overthrew,
Or (60) him who *Rome* did to his *laſh ſubdue*?
Chief Pow'r by all *vile artifices* gain'd,
And *vows* from the *maligning Gods* obtein'd.

Moſt

——————hi Sermones.

Tunc de Sejano, ſecreta hæc murmura Vulgi.
Viſne ſalutari ſicut Sejanus? habere
Tantundem? atq; illi ſummas donare curules?
Illum exercitibus præponere? Tutor haberi
Principis Anguſta Caprearum in rupe ſedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo? vis certe pila, cohortes
Egregios Equites, & caſtra domeſtica? quid ni
Hæc cupias? & qui nolunt occidere quenquam
Poſſe volunt. Sed quæ præclara & proſpera tanti
Ut rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum?
Hujus qui trahitur Prætextam ſumere mavis:
An Fidenarum Gabiorumq; eſſe poteſtas?
Et de menſura jus dicere, vaſa minora
Frangere, pannoſus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris?
Ergo quid optandum foret ignoraſſe fateris
Sejanum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
Et nimias poſcebat opes: numeroſa parabat
Excelſæ Turris tabulata: unde altior eſſet
Caſus & impulſa præceps immane ruina.
Quid Craſſos, quid Pompeios evertit? & illum
Ad ſua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus
Magnaq; Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.

Moſt Kings to Death by Blood and Slaughter go,
And a dry Death few Tyrants ever know.
The raweſt *Boy* who ſcarce has con'd one Rule,
His little *Slave* bearing his Books to School,
During the ſpace of thoſe (61) five ſolemn days.
When are *Minerva*'s rites perform'd ſtill *prays*
He may the *Fame*, and *Eloquence* poſſeſs
Of Pow'rful *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*.
When *deadly* was their *Wits* oreflowing *ſpring*,
And (62) *Death* to both their *Eloquence* did bring.
For Wit thoſe *hands* nail'd to the (63) *Roſtra* were
That *head* cut off too, but the *Roſtra* ne're
Did *ſilly Lawyer* with his Blood beſmear.
(64) *Oh* Rome *innate moſt fortunate in me*,
When I thy Conſul did conſult for thee
Had he ſpoke alwaies thus; he ſafely might
Antonius rage, and bloody *Cut-throats* ſlight.
Of ſilly *Verſes* I had rather be
Author, *Divine* (65) *Philippick* than of *thee*.
The ſecond of *Illuſtrious* Fame 'gainſt *Antony*.
So was th' admir'd *Athenian* ſnatch'd away
By ſudden death, whoſe *Eloquence* could ſway
Which way he pleas'd, and make whole (66) *Theatres* obey.
Unhappy in his *geniture*, by th' *hate*
Oth' angry *Gods*, and his own *evil Fate*.
(67) Th' *old Man* by *Fumes* of red hot *Metals* made
Blear-ey'd remov'd, his *Son* from his own *Trade*,
From making *Swords*, the *Anvil*, *Tongs and Coles*,
From *Smoaky Forges*, *ſooty Vulcans* Tools
To the moſt *Fatal Rhetoricians* Schools.

On

Ad generum Cereris ſine cæde & Sanguine pauci
Deſcendunt Reges, & ſiccâ morte Tyranni.
Eloquium aut famam Demoſthenis aut Ciceronis
Incipit optare & totis Quinquatribus optat,
Quiſquis adhuc uno partam colit aſſe Minervam,
Quem ſequitur Cuſtos, angustæ vernula capſæ,
Eloquio ſed uterq; perit Orator: utrumq;
Largus & exundans Letho dedit ingenii fons.
Ingenio manus eſt, & cervix cæſa, nec unquam
Sanguine Cauſidici maduerunt Roſtra puſilli.
O Fortunatam natam me Conſule Romam!
Antoni gladios poſuit contemnere ſi ſic
Omnia dixiſſet, ridenda poemata malo,
Quam Te conſpicuæ, Divina Philippica famæ
Volueris a prima quæ proxima. Sævus & illum
Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenæ
Torrentem, & pleni moderantem frena Theatri.
Diis ille adverſis genitus, fatoq; ſiniſtro,
Quem Pater ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus
A carbone & forcipibus gladioſq; parante
Incude, & luteo Vulcano ad Rhetora miſit.

On (68) *Trophies* fixt the Spoils by Battel won,
An *Helmet* cleft, the *Beaver* hanging down,
A *Coat* of *Mayle*, a broken *Axletree*;
A *Galleys Flag* obtain'd by *Victory*.
On a (69) *Triumphant Arches* utmost height,
A *Captive* with a look disconsolate,
Then all our *Humane* Goods some value mote.
The *Roman Grecian* (70) *Barbarous Emperour*
Fiercely aspire at these, and from these Spoils,
Arise their several *Dangers* and their Toils.
Virtue's less thirsted for than Fame, for who,
Her, for her self, Rewardless will pursue?
Our Country yet by some, in Ancient days,
Has ruin'd been for *Glory*; for vain *Praise*;
And *swelling Titles*, which they had impos'd
On Stones, in which their Ashes were enclos'd.
Those *Monuments* of Stone were yet so weak,
Them the (71) wild *Fig-Tree* could in pieces break.
The proudest Tombs have but a certain Date,
And Sepulchres themselves must yield to Fate.
Go weigh your *Hannibal*, how many pound
At length is of your mighty *General* found?
Yet *Africk* could not his *Ambition* bound
Whose Western Shores th' *Atlantick* Ocean beats:
And Eastward stretches out to (73) *Nilus's* Heats.

To

Bellorum exuviæ truncis affixa Tropæis
Lorica & fracta de cassîde buccula pendens.
Et curtum temone jugum victæq; triremis
Aplustre, & summo tristis Captivus in arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusq; ac Barbarus induperator
Erexit: causas discriminis atq; laboris
Inde habuit. Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas? Patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum, & laudis tituliq; cupido
Hæsuri saxis cinerum Custodibus: ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoq; fata sepulchris.
Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in Duce summo
Invenies? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
Percussa Oceano, Niloq; admota tepenti.

Rur-

To (74) *Æthiopian* Inhabitants,
And to a different kind of *Elephants*:
Spain must be joyn'd; the (75) *Pyrenæans* now
Be passed; Nature opposes th' (76) *Alpes* and Snow.
Rocks he devided, and the Mountains he
With (77) Vinegar broke, making his passage free;
And takes possession then of *Italy*.
Yet after all, says he; still pressing on,
My *Carthaginian* Troops have nothing done,
Till we the Gates of *Rome* have overthrown,
And fix'd our Banners in th' Heart of all the Town.
Rare Visage, what a Picture 'twould appear,
When the (70) *Getulian* Beast does th' one Ey'd *General*
Oh *Glory*! what of all was the event? [bear!
Conquer'd he headlong run to Banishment.
The great and wonderous *Captive* in's Retreat,
Is a poor (78) *Client* at a *Judgment Seat*:
Meanly he waits his sad Addresse to make
Till the (79) *Bythinian Tyrant* please to wake;
His Turbulent Life (which such Confusion hurld
With Swords, Stones, Darts into the shaken world)
By none of these could perish no one thing,
Vengeance for all the *Blood* he spilt, could bring,
Or Revenge (80) *Cannæ*, but a *little Ring*.
Run o're the rugged *Alps*, thou hot-braind Fool!
To be declaim'd on, and please Boys at School.
(81) *Philip's* fierce Son, one *World* too little found,
And Frets, and Fumes poor Wretch! within the narrow
(bound.

As

Rurſus ad Æthiopium populos alioſq; Elephantos
Additur Imperiis Hiſpania: Pyrenæum
Tranſilit Oppoſuit natura Alpemq; nivemq;
Diduxit ſcopulos & montem rupit aceto.
Jam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.
Actum, inquit, nihil eſt, niſi Pœno milite portas
Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono ſuburrâ.
O qualis facies & quali digna tabella
Cum Getula Ducem portaret bellua luſcum!
Exitus ergo quis eſt? o gloria! vincitur idem
Nempe & in exilium præceps fugit, atq; ibi magnus
Miranduſq; Cliens ſedet ad Prætoria Regis,
Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare Tyranno.
Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miſcuit olim
Non gladii, non ſaxa dabant, nec tela ſed ille
Cannarum vindex & tanti ſanguinis ultor
Annulus. I demens & ſævas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas & Declamatio fias.
Unus Pellæo Juveni non ſufficit orbis
Æſtu at infelix anguſto limite mundi.

As if in *Rocky* (82) *Gyaræ* he were pent,
Or ſmall (83) *Seriphus*. Yet he was content
With a ſmall *Coffin*, when to (84) *Babylon* he went
Death the plain-dealer does alone declare
How very little Great Mens Bodies are.
(85) *Athos* 'twas thought was Sail'd about of old,
And men believed all tales which lying *Greece* e're told,
That all the (86) *Helleſpont* from ſhore to ſhore
Was pav'd with *Ships* and *Charriot-Wheles* run o're.
While (87) *Xerxes* din'd th' innumerable fry
Of this Great *hoſt*, would drink deep Rivers dry,
As (88) *Soſtratus* in's Cups was wont to lye.
When (89) *Salamis* he left, what fate's behind
For him who us'd to rage and (90) whip the wind?
Barbarian! what laſh (91) *Corus Eurus* too?
Worſe then ev'n (92) *Æolus* would in their Priſons do:
He did in Chains (93) *Earth-ſhaking Neptune* bind,
And 'twas his mercy he had not deſign'd
To (94) *Stigmatize* him like a *Slave*: what *God*
Would not deſire to be at ſuch a *Hero's* nod?
But how return'd he? ſlowly in one Boat
Through ſhoals of bodies, which did round him float
In b oody Waves. Theſe are oftimes the pains
Immoderate deſire of *glory* gains:
Jove grant large ſpace of life, and length of days
With Confidence and vehemence one prays.

Ne're

Ut Gyaræ clauſus ſcopulis, parvaq; Seripho.
Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverat Urbem
Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula, creditur olim
Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoria; conſtratum claſſibus iiſdem
Suppoſitumq; rotis ſolidum mare. Credimus altos
Defeciſſe amnes, epotaq; flumina Medo
Prandente, & madidis cantat quæ Soſtratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictâ,
In Corum atq; Eurum ſolitus ſævire flagellis
Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere paſſos,
Ipſum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennoſigæum?
Mitius id ſane quod non & ſtigmate diguum
Credidit, huic quiſquam vellet ſervire Deorum?
Sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tarda per denſa cadavera prorâ.
Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.
Da ſpatium vitæ multos da Jupiter annos:
Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optas.

Ne're thinking what continual grie's attend,
And under what great ills *old age* does bend.
A *Face deform'd*, of horrid colour grown,
Unlike himſelf, his *flabby cheeks* hang down.
'Stead of a *Skin* he has an ugly *hide*,
With *r*'d and rough with wrinckles deep and wide,
Such as in ſhady Woods of (95) *Tabraca*,
On rivled Cheeks, old *Mother Ape* does claw:
In *youth* there many great diſtinctions are
One is more ſtrong, the other is more fair.
But in all old mens Faces there's no choice,
Limbs paralytick, trembling is the *voice*,
With a *bald pate*, and with a *naſty noſe*
That's ever dropping as an *Infants* does,
He mumbles bread between his toothleſs Gumms.
Irkſome to's Wife, and Children he becomes.
He's ev'n by *Coſſa* loath'd, that abject *Knave*,
That *fawns* and *waits* a *Legacy* to have.
Nor Wine nor Meat delight as in time paſt,
His Palate's now benum'd h'as loſt his taſt,
'Tis long, long, ſince a Woman he Embrac'd.
A long forgetfulneſs has ſeiz'd the part
Beyond the Cure of any Pains or Art.
Tho' all the Night he dallies, 'tis in vain,
It ſtill does a poor *Chiterlin* remain.
What pleaſure can the weak Old Doting Fool,
Expect from that infirm and Aged Tool?

Sed quam continuis & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis: deformem & tetrum ante omnia vultum
Diſſimilemq; ſui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendenteſq; genas, & tales adſpice rugas,
Quales umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus
In vetula ſcalpit jam mater ſimia bucca.
Plurima ſunt Juvenum diſcrimina, pulcrior ille
Hoc, atque ille alio, multum hic robuſtior illo.
Una ſenum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
Et jam læve caput, madidiq; infantia naſi
Frangendus miſero gingiva panis inermi.
Uſq; adeo gravis Uxori, gnatiſq; ſibiq;
Ut captatori moveat faſtidia Coſſo.
Non eadem vini, atq; cibi torpente palato
Gaudia: nam coitus jam longa oblivio: vel ſi
Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus,
Et, quamvis tota palpetur nocte, jacebit.
Anne aliquid ſperare poteſt hæc inguinis ægri
Canities?

qui

Where *Luſt* remains without *Ability*,
Men muſt ſuſpect unnatural *Letchery*.
Conſider now another Sence declin'd,
In choiceſt Songs no pleaſure he can find,
Sung by *Seleucus*, or the beſt o'th' kind,
Who all Embroider'd on the *Stage* appear
Where e're he ſits, the Songs he cannot hear,
Cornets nor Trumpets, be he ne're;
His Boy muſt hallow what's a Clock in's Ear.
In his *Cold Corps*, what little *Blood Remains*,
Without a *Feaver*, ne're is warm in's *Veins*:
In him what *Troops* of *Maladies* abound!
And in his feeble *Carkaſs* dance their round!
More than Adultrer's *Hippia* e're enjoy'd,
Or then ſick Men by (97) *Themiſon* deſtroy'd
In a whole Autumne, or the (98) *Aſſociates*
Plunder'd by (99) *Baſilus*, or the Eſtates.
(100) *Irus* from all his *Wards* got by foul play,
More then the *Cullies* in a Summers day,
(1) *Maura* e're drein'd; and more then of his Boys,
(2) *Hamillus* the lew'd *Pedagogue* enjoys.
And more than of his *Villas* now are ſeen,
(3) Who ſnapt his Fingers at my youthful Chin:
This Old Man's Shoulders, th' others reins, his Thighs
Diſabled are, this has loſt both his Eyes:
And envies him to whom one Eye is left,
To this Man of the uſe of hands bereft,

——quid quod merito ſuſpecta libido eſt,
Quæ Venerem adfectat ſine viribus? adſpice partis
Nunc Damnum alterius. Nam quæ cantante voluptas?
Sit licet eximius Citharædo ſive Seleucus,
Et quibus aurata mos eſt fulgere lacerna?
Quid refert, magni ſedeat qua parte Theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiet, atq; tubarum
Concentus? clamore opus eſt ut ſentiat auris
Quem dicat veniſſe puer, quot nunciet horas.
Præterea minimus gelido jam in corpore ſanguis
Febre calet ſolâ: circumſilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus; quorum ſi nomina quæras,
Promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippia mœchos,
Quot Themiſon ægros autumno occiderit uno,
Quot Baſilus ſocios, quot circumſcripſerit Irus
Pupillos: quot longa viros exſorbeat uno
Maura die, quot diſcipulos inclinet Hamillus.
Percurram citius quot villas poſſideat nunc
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba ſonabat.
Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & Luſcis invidet.

Through his pale Lips, his Meat muſt others give.
He gapes while others fingers him relieve.
Yawn's like *young Swallows* (Meat being in their Eyes.)
To whom, with her *full Mouth* the *hungry Mother* flies.
But loſs of Senſe and Memory is more
Grievous, than all his loſs of Limbs before
Ev'n his own *Servants* Names he does forget,
And his *Friends Face*, with whom laſt Night he Eat.
Thoſe he forgets whom he begot and Bred:
For by his cruel will, they're diſinherited.
Which does his Wealth on (4) *Phiale* intail,
So does the ſubtle Strumpets Mouth prevail,
Who was ſo ſtale a proſtituted Whore,
That many Years ſhe ſtood in the Stews Door.
Suppoſe his Senſe of mind when Old intire,
He muſt behold his *Childrens* (5) *Funeral Fire.*
His Lov'd Wives *Pile*, *Brothers* and *Siſters Urns*,
And often for his num'rous Kindred Mourns,
Who are by Death's repeated Blow deſtroy'd,
With ſuch like pains the long-liv'd Man's annoy'd.
His Aged Heart with daily ſorrow Bleeds,
And he grows Old ſtill in freſh Mourning Weeds.
The (6) *Pyllan* King (if *Homer* you'll allow)
For length of Life was reckon'd next the *Crow.*
Happy ſo many Ages to withſtand,
Death's Blow, *counting his Years on his Right-Hand*;
And had ſo many *Autumns* drunk *New Wine*,
But how did he at *Fates Decrees* repine?

hujus

Pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis.
Ipſe ad conſpectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. Sed omni
Membrorum damno major dementia: quæ nec
Nomina ſervorum, nec vultum agnoſcit Amici
Cum quo præterita cœnavit nocte, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit. Nam codice ſævo
Hæredes vetat eſſe ſuos, bona tota feruntur
Ad Phialen: tantum artificis valet halitus oris
Quod ſteterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
Ut vigeant ſenſus animi, ducenda tamen ſunt
Funera gnatorum, rogus adſpicendus amatæ
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæq; ſororibus urnæ.
Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore & nigra veſte ſeneſcant.
Rex Pylius, magno ſi quicquam credis Homero,
Exemplum vitæ fuit a cornice ſecundæ.
Felix nimirum, qui tot per ſecula mortem
Diſtulit, atq; ſuos jam dextra computat annos
Quiq; novum toties muſtum bibit. Oro parumper
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipſe queratur
Fatorum,

&

And on his too long thread of Life exclaim?
When he beheld within the *Funeral flame*
The fierce *Antilochus* his bearded Son?
To all his Friends long life he did bemoan,
And ask'd them all for what *vile horrid crime*
He had deserv'd to *live* till that *unhappy time*?
Thus *Peleus* mourn'd for his *Achilles* lost,
For (8.) *Ithacus* Ten years on th' *Ocean* toss't
Laertes thus complain'd. While flourishing *Troy*
Yet unattempted, did full peace enjoy,
Old (9) *Priam* might amidst those happy *hours*
Have gone to th' *shades* of his *high Ancestours*.
(10.) *Hector* with all his Brothers had the while
Their *Fathers Corps* born to the *Funeral Pile*.
(11.) *Cassandra* had the *weeping Matrons* led,
And fair (12.) *Polyxena* her tears had shed,
And rent her Garments, for her *Father* dead.
If he had dyed another time, ere yet
(13.) *Paris* had rigg'd out his advent'rous Fleet.
What did old Age avail him who saw all
O'return'd? By Fire and Sword saw *Asia* fall?
Th' *old Soldier* then his *Regal* Crown laid by,
And his forgotten Arms again did try;
And shaking, to (14.) *Joves Altar* ran, ev'n so
Th' old (15.) Ox despis'd by the ungrateful Plow,
T' his Masters Knife his wretched neck does bow.

——& *nimio de flamine, cum videt acris*
Antilochi *barbam ardentem: cum quærit ab omni*
Quisquis adest socius, cur hæc in tempora duret,
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo?
Hæc eadem Peleus, *raptum cum luget* Achillem,
Atq; alius, cui fas Ithacon *lugere natantem.*
Incolumi Troja Priamus *venisset ad umbras*
Assaraci magnis solemnibus, Hectore *funus*
Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
Iliadum lacrymas, ut primos edere planctus
Cassandra *inciperet, scissaq;* Polyxena *palla:*
Si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non
Cæperit audaces Paris *edificare carinas.*
Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
Eversa, & flammis Asiam, *ferroq; cadentem.*
Tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara,
Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, *ut vetulus bos*
Qui Domini cultris tenue & miserabile collum
Præbet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.

His was a *human death*, the *Wife* he left
Behind him of *humanity* bereft,
Was to a (14.) *Bitch* transform'd moſt *fierce* and *foul*,
And with wide open Jaws did *bark* and *howl*.
To come to *Romans* now, and to let go
The (15.) King of *Pontus* and rich (16.) *Cræſus* too.
Whom the *Oraculous Solon* did direct
That he ſhould on his *latter end* reflect.
That Baniſh'd *Marius* to *Minturnæ*, fled,
Hid in thoſe *Fenns*, torn thence, to *Priſon*-led,
At length in *conquer'd Carthage* beg'd his Bread.
Came from *long life*: For what more happy 'ere
Did *Rome* or *Nature* on the Earth yet bear?
When him vaſt *Troops of Captives* did ſurround,
And all the *Pomps of War* his *Triumph* Crown'd?
If at that time his *glorious Life* had ended
When from the *Teuton's Chariot* he deſcended,
On *Pompey* kind *Campania* beſtows
Feavers *were to be* wiſht; *but publick Vows*,
And Prayers of many Cities did o'recome,
And *Pompey's* Fortune joyn'd with that of *Rome*
Sav'd him to (19.) loſe his Head. Such *Butchery*
Fate did to bloody (20.) *Lentulus* deny.
Ev'n Trayterous (21.) *Cethegus* fell intire
And (21.) *Catiline* with a whole Carkaſs did expire.
(23.) The anxious *Mother* beggs at *Venus* Fane
That ſhe may beauty for her Boys obtain
In *gentle murmurs*: But her voice does *raiſe*
When for the beauty of her *Girls* ſhe prays;
This is her moſt delightful prayer: quoth ſhe,
Why do you blame whats piety in me?

(24.) *Dia-*

Exitus ille utcunq; hominis : ſed torva canino
Latravit rictu, quæ poſt hunc vixerat, Uxor.
Feſtino ad noſtros, & Regem tranſeo Ponti,
Et Cræſum, quem vox juſti facunda Solonis
Reſpicere ad longæ juſſit ſpatia ultima vitæ.
Exſilium & carcer Minturnarumq; paludes
Et mendicatus victa Carthagine *panis,*
Hinc cauſas habuere. Quid illo Cive tuliſſet
Natura in terris, quid Roma *beatius unquam,*
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni
Bellorum pompa, animam exhalaſſet opimam,
Cum de Teutonico vellet deſcendere curru?
Provida Pompeio dederat Campania *febres*
Optandos : Sed multæ Urbes & publica Vota
Vicerunt. Igitur fortuna ipſius, & Urbis
Servatum victo caput abſtulit. Hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, *hac pœna caruit, cecidit q;* Cethegus
Integer, & jacuit Catilina *cadavere toto.*
Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt anxia Mater
Uſq; ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen inquit
Corripias?

—— pulcra

(24.) *Diana's* beauty does *Latona* bleſs.
(25.) But ſuch a face as (26.) *Lucrece* did poſſeſs
You ſhould not pray for, warn'd by her diſtreſs:
Her ſhape and form, the fair (27.) *Virginia*
Should wiſh to change with Hunch-back't (28.) *Rutila*:
A handſome proper Son does always make
His *anxious Parents* tremble for his ſake.
For Beauty rarely agrees with Modeſty
Tho' your *plain Houſe* void of all *luxury*
Infuſes nought but *virtuous manners*, there,
And imitates what ancient (29.) *Sabines* were.
Suppoſe kind *Nature* of her bounteous *Grace*
Chaſt inclinations in the *mind* does place,
And *modeſt blood* oft riſes in the face,
(How could ſhe better for a *Youth* provide?
No *care*, no *Guardian* can ſo *watch* or *guide*
As *Nature*). Yet ſcarce can they Men remain;
The (30.) Impudent *Corrupter* dares with gain
To tempt the *Parents*, by his laviſh hand,
And thinks that nothing can his bribes withſtand:
No *Tyrant Boys deform'd* e're *guelded* yet.
No *Noble Youth* with *Bandy-leggs* was fit
For *Nero's* luſt, nor (31.) *Sporus* would he make
Of one with *out-bow'd breaſt*, or *Bunch in's back*:
Go and rejoyce at your Sons beauty now;
Who yet muſt greater dangers undergo.
A common lewd *Adult'rer* he'll become;
From injur'd *Husbands* rage fearing what doom
They pleaſe to execute. Nor happier yet
Than *Planet* (32.) *Mars*; always to ſcape the *Net*.

Their

——*pulcra gaudet* Latona Diana,
Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, *qualem*
Ipſa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia *gibbum*
Accipere, atq; ſuum Rutilæ *dare. Filius autem*
Corporis egregii, miſeros, trepidoſq; Parentes
Semper habet. Rara eſt adeo concordia formæ
Atq; pudicitiæ ; ſanctos licet horrida mores
Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas.
Præterea caſtum ingenium, Vultumq; modeſto
Sanguine ferventem tribuat Natura benigna
Larga manu, (quid enim puero conferre poteſt plus
Cuſtode & cura natura potentior omni?)
Non licet eſſe viros : Nam prodiga corruptoris
Improbitas ipſos audet tentare Parentes,
Tanta in muneribus fiducia. Nullus ephebum
Deformem ſæva caſtravit in arce Tyrannus :
Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero *loripedem, nec*
Strumoſum, atq; utero pariter, gibboq; tumentem,
I nunc & Juvenis ſpecie lætare tui, quem
Majora expectant diſcrimina. Fiet Adulter
Publicus, & pœnas metuit, quaſcunq; mariti
Irati debent : nec erit felicior aſtro
Martis, *ut in laqueo nunquam incidat.*——

——*exigit*

Their rage will yet more puniſhments impoſe,
Than to their rage yet any Law allows.
Some by the *Sword*, to *Death* th' *Adulterers* put
With *bloody ſtripes*, their *tender Fleſh* ſome *cut*,
(33.) By ſome a Mullets ramm'd into the gut.
But your (33) *Endymion* your *lovely Youth*,
By *beauteous Matrons* muſt be lov'd forſooth;
Yet when *deform'd* (35.) *Servilia* pleaſe to pay,
Tho her he hates, he will her luſt obey,
Who'l give her *Cloths* and *Jewels* all away.
For what he waſts, at any rate ſhe'll buy,
And for this ſport ſhe nothing can deny.
Even (36.) *Hippia*, or (37.) *Catulla*, or who e're,
Or *ſtingy*, or croſs-*humourd* did appear,
Shows all her *breeding* and *good nature* here.
(38.) But to the *chaſt* what harm can beauty do?
(39.) Yes, what avail'd (40.) *Hyppolitus* his Vow?
And chaſt (41.) *Bellerophon's* reſolution too?
When *Stenobæa's* deſperate ſhame; and ſpight
For being deſpis'd her fury did excite,
Equal with *Phædra's*, they to rage moſt fell
Provok'd themſelves. *A Womans wrath does ſwell*
Beyond all rule and to the utmoſt height,
When e're confounding ſhame adds ſpurrs to hate.
What would you do if you were in his caſe?
The (42.) *beſt* and *faireſt* of *Patrician Race*
Is deſtin'd by the *luſt* of *Cæſar's Wife*
To Marry her: to certain loſs of Life.
He is by (43.) *Meſſalina's* love enſnar'd.

She

——— exigit autem
Interdum ille dolor plus, quam lex ulla dolori
Conceſſit. Necat hic ferro, ſecat ille cruentis
Verberibus, quoſdam mœchos & mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion *dilectæ fiet Adulter*
Matronæ: Mox cum dederit Servilia nummos
Fiet & illius, quam non amat: exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum. Quid enim ulla negaverit udis
Inguinibus, ſive eſt hæc Hippia, *ſive* Catulla?
Deterior totos habet illic Fœmina mores.
Sed caſto quid forma nocet, quid profuit immo
Hippolito *grave propoſitum? quid* Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu faſtidita repulſo.
Nec Sthenobœa *minus quam* Creſſa *excanduit, & ſe*
Concuſſere ambæ. Mulier ſæviſſima tunc eſt,
Cum ſtimulos odio pudor admovet. Elige quidnam
Suadendum eſſe putes, cui nubere Cæſaris *Uxor*
Deſtinat. Optimus hic & formoſiſſimus idem
Gentis Patriciæ rapitur miſer extinguendus
Meſſalinæ oculis:

She with her *wedding Garment* ſits prepar'd;
The *Bed* is publickly ith' *Gardens* made,
And as *of ancient rite* the *Noble portion's* paid.
The (44.) *Auſpex* preſent, and the (45.) *Notaries*;
None but a *lawful Marriage* will ſuffice.
(46.) D'ye think this ſecret truſted to a few?
Declare your *Judgment* now, What will you do?
If you refuſe the ſin, you dye that day,
And gain but little time if you obey.
Till the News blaz'd about the Streets of *Rome*
Happens at length to th' Emp'rors Ears to come;
For he laſt hears his *Families diſgrace*.
Obey her, if you hold a few days ſpace
Of Life ſo dear. What e're you ſhall think fit,
You your (49.) fair *Neck* muſt to the *Sword* ſubmit.
Shall man then pray for nought? If you adviſe
With me; *To th' all diſpoſing Deities*
The care of us, and our affairs ſubmit,
And for what's pleaſant, they'l beſtow what's fit.
To Heav'n man's dearer than t' himſelf we find,
We often by a ſtrong impulſe of mind,
Sway'd by blind luſt, would be in Marriage joyn'd,
Then pray for Children: But the Gods foreſee
What Children they, and what a Wife ſhe'll be.

Dudum ſedet illa parato
Flammeolo, Tyriuſq; palam genialis in hortis
Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
Antiquo: Veniet cum ſignatoribus Auſpex.
Hæc tu ſecreta & paucis commiſſa putabis?
Non niſi legitime vult nubere: quid placeat, dic:
Ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas.
Si ſcelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota Urbi & populo contingat Principis aures.
Dedecus ille domus ſciet ultimus: interea Tu
Obſequere imperio, ſi tanti vita dierum
Paucorum. Quidquid melius leviuſq; putaris,
Præbenda eſt Gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si conſilium vis,
Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſq; ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæq; dabunt Dii.
Carior eſt illis homo quam ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu & cæca magnaq; cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumq; Uxoris; at illis
Notum qui Pueri, qualiſq; futura ſit Uxor.

Yet——
That you may ask, and offer at ſome *Shrine*
Or *Holy place*, your (48.) *Sauſages Divine*,
And the choice *entrails* of a pure *white Swine*.
Pray for a healthful body, a ſound mind
That's never to the fear of Death inclin'd,
Which bravely can all toyl and pain ſurmount,
And Death 'mongſt Natures benefits account.
Which knows no wrath, covets not any thing
Which can deſpiſe the ſoft (49.) Aſſyrian *King*,
And e're his love, feaſts, luxury and eaſe,
Will the hard labours chuſe, and griefs of Hercules.
I ſhow you what you to your ſelf may give,
Through Virtues path to quiet live & arrive.
(50.) *Fortune thou art no Goddeſs to the Wiſe*,
Fools make thee ſo, and ſeat thee in the Skies.

Finis *Satyr* 10.

Ut tamen & poſcas aliquid, voveaſq; ſacellis
Exta, & candiduli Divina tomacula porci:
Orandum eſt, ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.
Fortem poſce animum, mortis terrore carentem:
Qui ſpatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ. Qui ferre queat quoſcunq; labores,
Neſciat iraſci, cupiat nihil, & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat ſævoſq; labores,
Et venere & cœnis & pluma Sardanapali.
Monſtro quod ipſe Tibi poſſis dare. Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Nullum Numen habes ſi ſit Prudentia: Nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloq; locamus.

Finis Sat. 10.

Illuſtrations on the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal.

(1.) THE *Spaniards* call it *Cadiz*, corruptly *Caliz*, we call it *Cales*, an *Iſland* ſcituate at the South-ſide of *Spain*, without the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, where they feign'd *Hercules* to have ſet up two Pillars with his *Ne plus ultra*. This the *Ancients* thought to be the fartheſt part of the *Earth Eaſtward*.

(2.) The great *River* in the *Eaſt-Indies*, dividing them into two parts, *extra* and *intra Gangem*: The old *Scholiaſt* ſays, *Juvenal* means the whole Earth by *Synecdoche*.

(3.) Here I differ from *Lubin*, and *Farnaby*, (as Mr. *Holyday* does) who interpret *dextro pede* with moſt proſperous Auſpicies. For tho' *Turnebus* ſays, Lib. 29. cap. 35. *Dextra cum erant, Numina favere credebantur, Læva contra.* Yet *in auſpiciis quæ ſiniſtra ſunt bene eventura putantur* among the *Romans* ſays *Alex. ab Alex. gen. dier.* lib. 5. cap. 13. in taking their *Auſpicia*, the Thunder and Lightning was ſuppoſed to come from the right hand of the *God*, when it was on the left hand of the *Auſpex*. *Læva auſpicia* anſwer to *dextra Numina*; and ſo *vice verſa*, and ſo *intonuit Lævum Æneid* 2, is expounded by *Donatus*. So that *dextro pede* could not be meant in *Farnaby*, and *Lubins* ſence. But the *Romans* thinking the Right Limbs were naturally more ſtrong and worthy than the Left, ſuperſtitiouſly fancied, That that Progreſs was luckieſt that begun with the right Foot. Some Jockies here among us ſuperſtitiouſly believe, That if the Horſe ſtep out of the Stable with his right foot he will win the Race, otherwiſe not.

(4.) I have

(4.) I have Tranſlated *faciles* literally, eaſy; becauſe I take it to be as good *Engliſh* as it is *Latin*.

(5.) *Milo* was a Man of *prodigious* ſtrength as *Strabo* writes of him: But going through a Forreſt in *Italy*, ſeeing an Oak in part ſplit, he endeavour'd to rend it farther, and it cloſed with a ſpring upon him, and held him till he became a prey to Wild Beaſts.

(6.) Tho' *Juvenal* calls them *Brittiſh Whales*, and *Lubin* ſays, they are the greateſt that are; yet we ſcarce ſee one in an Age here, and then not the greateſt.

(7.) *Caius Caſſius Longinus* a very rich Lawyer, *Nero* commanded his Eyes to be put out, and afterwards order'd him to be kill'd; upon pretence of having *Caſſius* his Image who ſtab'd *Julius Cæſar* in his Houſe: But the true reaſon was for his great wealth.

(8.) *Nero's Tutor*, an excellent *Moral Philoſopher*, he had moſt magnificent Gardens, and was prodigiouſly Rich, as *Tacitus* ſays, *lib.* 13. That in the fourth year of *Nero* he was worth 100000 *Seſtertia*; which Mr. *Holyday* computes to be 781250 *l. Sterling*, and he improved this Eſtate four years after that. At the command of *Nero*, his Veins were cut, and he bled to death: He was accuſed by *Ruffus*, and *Tigellinus*, upon pretence that he was in *Piſo*"s *Coſpiracy*.

(9.) *Plautius Lateranus* appointed *Conſul*, whom *Nero* commanded to be kill'd, ſo ſuddenly, that he would not give leave that he ſhould embrace his Children. *Turius* the *Tribune* diſpatched him, *Tacit.* 15.

(10.) Poor People always lay in the Cock-lofts, into which they climbed with Ladders, *Juven. Satyr.* 3.

(11.) *Contus* ſignifies a *Quant* or *Sprett*, with which they ſhove Boats; it alſo ſignifies a ſtronger ſort of Spear, and a Weapon wherewith they uſed to fight with wild Beaſts: But I take it here to be a ſtrong Staff with an Iron

at:

at the end of it; like that which Tinkers, Pedlers, and Foot-pads uſe: And therefore I have Tranſlated it a *Quarter-ſtaff*; and Foot-pads Rob moſt in the night.

(12.) *Vows* or *Prayers*, which when they were aſham'd of, they did, *ſuſurrare*, mumble them in ſecret; but otherwiſe they ſpoke 'em loud, as *Perſius* ſays, *aperto vivere voto.*

(13.) The *Senators* and great wealthy men were wont to put their Money in *Iron Cheſts*, and place them in the *forum* for fear of Fire. Firſt in *Mars* his *Temple* in the *Forum* of *Auguſtus*, till that was Rob'd, which the *Poet* mentions *Sat.* 14. after that in the *Temple* of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, which was in the *Forum Romanum*; after that in *Trajans Forum*, and as the old *Scholiaſt* ſays, the place was call'd *Opes.*

(14.) Becauſe the Poor drink in them, whom none hate, envy, or would ſupplant.

(15.) The *Romans* uſed to drink in Golden Cups adorn'd with Precious Stones. *Vid. Sat.* 5. from the 37th. Line to the 46th.

(16.) Excellent Wine named from *Setia* a Town or City in *Campania.*

(17.) The *Commentators* doubting about this place ſay, That *Ardebit* may ſignify that Wine looks of a flame colour in Gold Cups; or that it may be applied to the burning poyſon in the Cup: I am bold to apply it to the Wine, and tranſlate it Sparkle.

(18.) *Democritus* of *Abdera* a City in *Thrace*, an *Anatomical Philoſopher*, who, whenever he ſtir'd out, laugh'd continually at the vanities and follies of mankind, therefore ſirnamed *Geladinus* the Laughing. Some People ſent *Hippocrates* to him, taking him to be mad; but *Hippocrates* thought him otherwiſe.

(19.) *He-*

(19.) *Heraclitus* a *Philoſopher* of *Epheſus*, who always wept at the follies, villanies and miſeries of mankind, he liv'd in the time of the laſt *Darius*; he was ſirnamed σκότινος for his obſcure ſtile.

(20.) A White Mantle border'd with Purple, worn by *Conſuls*, *Dictators*, *Prætors*, and great men who had born great Offices; and by the Sons of *Noblemen*, till they put on the *manly Gown*.

(21.) A *Robe* or *Mantle* of which there were three ſorts, one all Purple for the *Gods*, another ſtreak'd with beams of White and Purple for *Kings*; and a Third of Purple and Scarlet, worn by the *Augur* when he took his Augury. See *Alex. ab Alex. gen. Dier. lib.* 5. *cap.* 18.

(22.) *Horſe-litters* which were very lofty, and magnificently rich, in which they might ſit or lye, carried by their Slaves. See *Sat.* 3.

(23.) The bundle of *Rods* carried before *Dictators*, *Conſuls*, and the *Prætor Urbanus*, with an Ax bound to it, not in it.

(24.) The place at the end of the *Judgment Hall* raiſed and rounded, where ſtood the *Sella Curulis*, or *Judgment-ſeat*, on which the *Prætor* ſate.

(25.) The place where the *Romans* ſaw Chariot-races and other Games.

(26.) Here the *Poet* makes the *Prætor* and *Conſul* to be the ſame; and anciently the ſame man was call'd by both names, *Prætor a Præcundo*, and *Conſul a Conſulendo Senatum*: But this was before the *Prætor Urbanus*, ſomewhat like our Lord Mayor was made, as *Lubin* notes from *Pedianus*.

(27.) They were wont to ſtand in their *Triumphal Chariots*, Sat. 8. lib. 3. *Stantes in Curribus Æmilianos.*

(28.) Theſe *Triumphal Robes* were brought out of the *Temple* of *Jupiter*, and given to him who was to *Triumph*:

mph: See *Alex. ab Alex. Gen. Dierum, Lib.* 5. *cap.* 18. The *Toga* and the *Tunica* are here different moſt certainly, tho' ſome would have it otherwiſe.

(29.) *Publick Servants* were the Servants of the *Magiſtrates*, as they were *Magiſtrates*, and were bought in the name of the *Commonwealth*, and employ'd in publick works. This is to diſtinguiſh him from his own proper Slave.

* This Servant rode behind the Triumpher in the ſame Chariot, and put him in mind of Inſtruments of puniſhment affix'd to the Chariot, and cryed out to him, *Reſpice poſt te memento te eſſe hominem*, Look behind you, remember you are a Man, and bid him mind the Whip and the Bell. *Lubin* and *Farnaby*.

(30.) He that *Triumph'd* bore an *Ivory Scepter*, with an *Eagle* ſeeming to riſe and fly from it.

(31.) *Clients* were Retainers or Followers of Great men.

(32.) The Colour of the *Mantle* or *Sleeveleſs Gown* for the better ſort was *White*, and this they wore (as *Pancirollus* ſays) *Lib.* 1. *Tit.* 43. at all publick Shows.

(33.) They march'd on each ſide of his *Chariot*.

(34.) *Sportula* was the Supper or entertainment which the *Rex*, or *Patron* gave his *Clients*, which at firſt was a Supper, but afterwards was turn'd into Money: As here it is meant, *Defoſſa in Loculis quos Sportula fecit Amicos*, When they entertain'd them liberally at Supper, it was call'd *Cæna recta*: but the more *proud* and *ſordid* great men gave them out Baskets of Meat, and Money at their doors. See *Sat.* 1. *line* 95. where *Juvenal* laſhes the baſeneſs of a *proud luxurious* fellow, who would have Seven Diſhes to himſelf alone, and keep out his Clients. 'Tis hard to imagine that free Citizens of good Condition, ſhould be ſo ſlaviſh to follow the *Sportula*, as you may ſee, *Sat.* 1. after line 95.

(34.) *Ver-*

(34.) *Vervecum in patria Craſſoq; ſub Aere naſci.* The Countrey of *Weatkers*, *ſheepiſh*, *doltiſh* fellows which I tranſlate Sheeps-heads. *Craſſo ſub Aere*, like that in *Bæotia*, good rich Paſture, but thick moiſt Air. We obſerve here that the drieſt Climate, and thinneſt Air, produces the quickeſt Wits, *Hor.* in *Epiſt. Bæotum craſſo jurares in Aere natum.*

(35.) The *Ancients* were wont when they *made* their *Vows* to the *Gods*, to write them, ſome in Papers, and ſome in Waxen Tables, and with Wax, to fix them to the Knees of the Gods: As ſays *Farnaby*, the old Scholiaſt, *Lubin* and *Turnebus*, *lib. adv.* 1. *cap.* 21.

(36.) The *Scholiaſt* interprets this otherwiſe than *Lubin*, and in my Opinion more truly to be a Braſs Plate fix'd under their Images, containing every degree of their Titles and Honours.

(37.) When any great Man was condemn'd of a *capital crime*, his *Statue* was pull'd down, drag'd about the *Streets*, and flung down the *Gemonies*, *Tacit. lib.* 3. *Annal.* See *Satyr.* 8. line 18. and *Lubin* upon it.

(38.) Their *Statues* were Erected in their *Chariots*. See *Sat.* 8. *Stantes in Curribus Æmilianos.*

(39.) Here the *Poet* repreſents the *people* ſpeaking to one another (not to the *Emperor* as *Lubin* would have it) to Crown their Houſes with *Bays* and *Laurel*, as the Cuſtom was in any *general Joy*: And this was to congratulate the *Emperors Happineſs* in being deliver'd from his dangerous *Enemy Sejanus*, his chief *Miniſter*, and but a while before his greateſt *Favourite*, whoſe *extravagant Ambition* had made him deſign the deſtruction of the *Emperor*; and *Uſurpation.*

(40.) They uſed to Sacrifice a white Bull to Jupiter, which Colour was, as they thought, acceptable to him. To the *Cœleſtial Gods* they offer'd *White ſacrifices*, to the *Infernal*, *Black*, ſays *Brittanicus.*

(41.) Before he ſpeaks of his ſtatue being dragg'd about; now of his Body, which was, like other great Malefactors bodies, drawn by a Hook in his Throat, and thrown down the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, which were on the *Aventine* near the *Temple* of *Juno*, *Alex. ab Alex. Gen. dier. lib. 3. cap. 5.*

(42.) One of the Citizens ſpeaks, beholding the *Carkaſs.*

(43.) Another Citizen ſpeaks.

(44.) A third anſwers.

(45.) The ſubtle Letter which *Tyberius* ſent to the *Senate*, which cauſed the immediate deſtruction of *Sejanus*, who was kill'd by the Soldiers, drawn thither for that purpoſe.

(46.) A Rocky Iſland not far from *Surrentum* a City in *Campania.*

(47.) Another Citizen ſpeaks; theſe were not the Rabble, but as good as our Common-Councel men that were.

(48.) Here the *Poet* ſpeaks in his own *perſon*, for twelve lines together, of all the Crowd.

(49.) *Sejanus* was a *Tuſcan*, and *Nurſcia* was the *Protectreſs* of the Countrey; by ſome thought to be *Fortune.*

(50) Since the *Emperors* had deprived them of their *right* of chuſing their *Officers* by *Votes.*

(51.) *Teſſaræ Frumentariæ*, it is thought were here intended, which were Tokens brought to the *Overſeer*, *Præfectus dividendi frumenti*, for the dividing the *Corn*, by which the poorer ſort claim'd an allowance of *Corn* Monthly; but *Lubin* ſays it is to be underſtood thus, That now the *people* grown ſupine, or ſlothful and baſe, car'd for nothing but *food* for neceſſity, and *Games* or *Races* in the *Circus.*

(52.) Here

(52.) Here the Citizens ſpeak again.

(53.) Here the *Commentators* keep a great ſtir about the expreſſion *Magna eſt fornacula*: But it ſeems moſt naturally to be meant of the *Emperor's Breaſt*, which tho' little, has great rage or heat in it.

(54.) *Lubin* applies *Victus ne pœnas exigat Ajax*, to the *Emperor*: *viz.* That his Cauſe being ill defended by the *Senate*, he would run mad, and kill Man and Beaſt like *Ajax*; but he ſays many apply it to *Brutidius*, and it ſeems to me that thoſe many are in the right.

(55.) *Tiberius* had given power to *ſlaves* to ſwear againſt their *Maſters*, contrary to the *Roman* Law. Theſe were the better and middle ſort of *Citizens*.

(56.) The private Retiring Rooms, where *Tyberius* practiſed his foul *luſts* and villanous *debaucheries*.

(57.) The *Prætorian Camp* were the Guards to the Emperors perſon, which *Sejanus* Commanded, which were incamped about the Eaſt ſide of *Rome*; and when the *Emperor* was in the field, they were always about his Pavilion.

(58.) *Ædiles* were the loweſt of *Magiſtrates*, who overlook'd Weights and Meaſures.

(59.) *Julius Cæſar*, who by his *perpetual Dictatorſhip* brought the *Roman Citizens* under his laſh.

(60.) The word *Reges* and *Tyranni* were become odious to the *Romans* ever ſince the time of the *Tarquins*: And *Juvenal* here declares himſelf a *Republican*.

(61.) There was a five days *Feſtival* kept in *Rome* in honour to *Minerva*, the *Goddeſs* of *Wit* and *Learning*, which according to the *Roman Calender* began on the 19th. of *March*, and ended the 23d. and this was call'd the *Quinquatria*.

(62.) *Cicero*'s Head and Hands were cut off, and fix'd to the *Roſtra* by the command of *Antonius*: And *Demoſthenes*

moſthenes the famous *Athenian Orator*, *Plato's Scholar*, when *Antipater* ſucceeded *Alexander*, to prevent being apprehended by *Archias* (who was ſent after him when he fled) took Poyſon which he had in a Pen. See *Plutarch.*

(63.) The *Roſtra* ſignifies the *place*, or the *Pulpit* from which they ſpoke *Orations* to the *people*, call'd *Roſtra* firſt from the *ſtems* or *beaks* of Ships of the *Antiates*, wherewith the *Pulpit* was adorn'd.

(64.) *O fortunatam Natam me Conſule Romam*, a very mean Verſe, made by *Cicero*, notwithſtanding *Scaligers* vindication of it. I found it impoſſible to be tranſlated; but I have written with the ſame fault, as *Conſul Conſult.*

(65.) A moſt incomparable Invective *Oration* of *Cicero's* againſt *Anthony*, which he remember'd, and paid him home for't.

(66.) The *Theatre* at *Athens* was the place where the *people* were wont to hear *Orations* concerning weighty matters of the *Commonwealth*, as *Diodorus Siculus*, *Plutarch*, and *Iſocrates* teſtify, and is to be found in the *Acts* of the *Apoſtles*, *chap.* 19. *verſe* 29. The people ruſh'd, εἰς τὸ θέατρον.

(67.) *Demoſthenes* his *Father* was a *Sword-cutler.*

(68.) The *Conquerors* uſed to put the following ſpoyls upon the ſtumps of Trees, which were call'd *Trophies*; and this was done where they put the Enemies to flight in memory of the *Victory.*

(69.) Upon the gaining of ſome *City* or *Country* to the *Commonwealth*, they uſed to erect a *Triumphal Arch* of *Marble*, with *Inſcriptions* in *Braſs*, expreſſing the *Conqueror* and the *ſad Captive.*

(70.) By *Barbarous Emperor* is meant the *Perſian.*

(71.) The Wild *fig-tree* will grow through Stone-walls.

(72.) The

(72.) The famous *Carthaginian Captain*, who Warr'd Sixteen years with the *Romans*.

(73.) To the exceeding heats in the Country about *Nilus* in *Ægypt*.

(74.) A Great *Region* on the South part of *Egypt*, now called the *Abyſſines*, or *Preſter John*'s Country.

(75.) The Mountains that part *Spain* from *France*.

(76.) The high Mountains that part *France* from *Italy* and *Germany*. As *Livy* writes, by making vaſt fires upon the Rocks, and pouring a huge quantity of Vinegar upon them, he broke them, and made them crumble. But this is ſurely thought fabulous by *Polybius*, who omits it as is ſuppoſed for that reaſon.

(77.) An *Elephant* from the *Getuli*, a people of *Africk*; or as *Lubin* ſays, from *Getulia*.

(78.) When he was Conquered by *Scipio Africanus* in *Africk*, he was Condemn'd to Baniſhment. He fled to *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, ſuſpecting him, he left him, and came to *Pruſias* King of *Bythinia*, &c. Of him the *Romans* demanded *Hannibal* to be ſent to them. *Lubin* renders *Prætoria Regis*, the *King*'s *Judgment-Seat*, tho' it may be the *King*'s *Pavilion*.

(79.) The Great ſlaughter which *Hannibal* made of the *Romans* at *Cannæ*, where ſo many of the *Equeſtrian Order* fell, that ſeveral Meaſures were fill'd with the *Rings* taken from their Fingers, which he ſent to *Carthage*. To avoid being delivered to the *Romans* by the *King* of *Bythinia*, he took Poyſon which he had kept in a *Ring*.

(80.) *Alexander* the Great, born at *Pella* a City in *Macedonia*, call'd by *Juvenal* here *Pellæus Juvenis*, who as *Plutarch* writes, hearing *Anaxagoras* diſcourſe of infinite Worlds, wept, and being ask'd by his Friends the Reaſon of his weeping, *Have I not reaſon*, ſays he, *ſince there are*

Infi-

Infinite Worlds, and I have with ſo much toyl and pain ſcarce conquer'd one?

(81.) *Gyara* was a barren, little *Rockey Iſland* in the *Ægean Sea*, one of the *Cyclades*, whither the *Romans* uſed to Baniſh people, ſee *Satyr* 1. *Aude aliquod brevibus Gyaris.*

(82.) *Seryphus* one of the *Cyclades*, or *Sporades* too.

(83.) Here at *Babylon Caſſander* Poyſon'd him.

(84.) *Athos* a *Promontory* of *Macedonia*, ſaid to be cut off from the Continent by *Xerxes*; and that then he Sail'd with all his Fleet about it.

(85.) The Sea betwixt *Seſtos* and *Abydos*, which he joyn'd by a Bridg as *Juſtin* ſays, *lib.* 2. It was of little Ships, or great Boats.

(86.) The *Perſian Emperor.*

(87.) A *Greek Poet* who writ of this Expedition into *Greece*, who *Juvenal* thinks wrote when he was almoſt drunk, he wrote ſo extravagantly.

(88.) An Iſland belonging to *Attica*, near which *Themiſtocles* in a Sea-fight gave him a total defeat.

(89.) For breaking his *Bridg* of *Ships*, or *great Boats* as he did.

(90.) *Corus* is a Weſterly Wind, and *Eurus* Eaſterly.

(91.) The *God* of the *Winds*, who is ſaid to keep the *Winds* in *Caves* or *Priſons*, and at his pleaſure to let them looſe. See *Neptunes* Speech to him in the *Æneids.*

(92.) *Neptune* the God of the Sea, who was feign'd to cauſe *Earthquakes* with a blow of his *Trident*, whom *Xerxes* was ſaid to Fetter when he made his Bridg.

(93.) When Slaves ran away, and were taken again, they *Branded* them on the *forehead.*

(94.) A *great Wood* upon the Coaſt of *Africk*, full of *Monkies* and *Baboons.*

(95.) Wife

(95.) Wife to *Veiento* a *Senator*, who ran away from her Husband with *Setgius*, a *Gladiator*, to *Egypt*, Sat. 6. v. 83.

(96.) *Themiſon* was a great *Phyſician* commended by *Pliny* and *Celſus*.

(97.) Thoſe of the Provinces which were Conquered, and had the Priviledges of *Romans*, were call'd *Socii*, or *Aſſociates*.

(98.) A *Præfect* or *Governor* of *Provinces*.

(99.) *Irus* a notorious cheating *Guardian*; by *Lubin* he is call'd *Irus*, by *Schrevelius* his Edition, with the *Notæ variorum*, he is call'd *Hircus*.

(100.) A Lewd Common Whore, *Sat.* 6. *v.* 307.

(1.) A filthy *Sodomitical Schoolmaſter*.

(2.) *Licinius*, or as ſome will have it, *Cinnamus*, who in *Juvenal's* youth was his *Barber*, now a rich *Senator*, as the *Scholiaſt* and *Lubin* ſay. The *Poet* here repeats the ſame Verſe of him which he wrote of him in the firſt *Satyr*, Verſ. 25.

(3.) An Infamous *Common Strumpet*, who had been long in a *Bandy-houſe* before she had her; ſhe ſtood at the door to inveagle Paſſengers. No doubt the *Poet* had ſome one in his Eye who had done this.

(4.) The *Romans* lay'd the Bodies of the Dead upon a *Funeral Pile*, burn'd them, and put the Aſhes into an *Urn* with the Bones. Theſe *Urns* were Veſſels of *Earth* or *Braſs*, holding four Gallons and a half a piece; and ſo they placed the better ſort in *Stately Vaults* belonging to their Families. *Pancirollus* tells us, *Lib.* 1. *Tit.* 62. To preſerve the Aſhes from mixing with other Aſhes, they wrapt the Body in a Sheet made of a ſort of Flax called *Aſbeſtinum* and *Aſbeſton*, mentioned by *Pliny*, *lib.* 29. *cap.* 1. which would not burn, and fire did but cleanſe it, which is now to be ſeen.

(5.) *Nestor King* of *Pylos*, who liv'd almost 300 years, The Crow they believed to live 900.

(6.) The Ancient *Greeks* reckon'd their Figures to a Hundred upon the Left hand, and to a Thousand upon the Right; so when he had lived past a 100, he reckon'd his Age upon his Right hand.

(7.) The Father of *Achilles* was so unhappy to live till old age, to bewail the death of his Son, treacherously slain by Darts by *Paris* and *Deiphobus* in *Apollo's Temple*, when he thought to have Married *Polixena*.

(8.) *Ulisses*, for whom his old Father *Laertes* mourn'd while he wandred for Ten years at Sea, after the Siege of *Troy*, ere he could get home again. He was call'd *Ithacus* from *Ithaca* an *Island* in the *Ionian Sea*, of which he was Lord. The Poet insinuates that these two old men had been happier if they had died before these Misfortunes of their Sons.

(9.) *Priam* the last *King* of *Troy*, slain by *Pyrrhus* at the destruction of *Troy*, after he had reigned Fifty two years.

(10.) *Priam's*, Son *Priam*, had 49 Sons more and 12 Daughters.

(11.) *Priam's* Daughter a *Prophetess*.

(12.) *Polyxena* another Daughter very fair, whom *Achilles* desired in Marriage, *&c.* And after the destruction of *Troy*, in revenge for *Achilles* his death, was kill'd by his Son *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus* upon his Fathers Tomb.

(13.) Another Son of *Priam's*, who set out a Fleet to steal *Helena* the Wife of *Menelaus*, which was the occasion of the destruction of *Troy* after ten years siege.

(14.) Where he was slain by *Pyrrhus*.

(15.) The old useless Ox; for there was a Law both among the *Romans* and the *Gracians*, *De non mactando bove aratore*, not to kill a Plowing Ox, *despised by the ungrateful*

grateful Plow, is a very bold *Catechresis*, but 'tis my *Authors*. *Ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro*.

(14.) *Hecuba* Wife to *Priam*, who for her perpetual reproaching the *Greeks*, and lamenting the fate of her Husband, Children, and the *Trojans*, was feign'd to be turn'd into a Bitch.

(15.) *Mithridates King* of *Pontus*, aged sixty nine years, had Reign'd fifty seven, Warr'd against the *Romans* forty; being at last wholly overthrown, when he could not dye by Poyson, having in his life time, as 'tis said, constantly taken Antidotes against it, made one of his Soldiers kill him. See *Florus*, *lib.* 3. *cap.* 5.

(16.) *King* of *Lydia*, the richest Man then living, shewing his Treasure to *Solon*, one of the Seven wise Men of *Greece*, and *Law-giver* to the *Athenians*, ask'd him if he had known any Man happier than himself? To whom *Solon* replied, he had known several; and instanc'd in them, telling him he must look to the end; for no Man could be judged happy till they had seen all his life——and *Ovid* says,—*Dicique beatus*

Nemo ante obitum supremaq; funera Debet.

(17.) *Marius* sirnamed *Cajus*, born of a very obscure Family; see *Sat.* 8. *v.* 245. by his Valour raised himself: He was six times *Consul* before *Sylla* forc'd him to fly, when he was put to miserable shifts to save his life. *Minturvæ*'s Fenns are in *Latium*, now call'd *Campania di Roma*, where he was catch'd and Imprison'd; one was sent to Execute him, but he was astonish'd at the *majestick presence* of him, and could not do it; from thence he escaped, fled to *Carthage*, and beg'd in the Ruines of that City: afterwards he was recall'd by *Cinna*, and a seventh time made *Consul*. See *Plutarch*.

(18.) The *Chariot* in which he was carried when he *Triumph'd* over the *Cimbri*, a people of *Denmark* and *Holſtein*; and the *Teutones*, a people of *Germany* call'd *Tueſch*, or *Oſſterlings*.

(19.) After his overthrow at *Pharſalia*, he fled to *Egypt*, where, by the Treachery of *Ptolomy*, his Head was cut off.

(20.) One of the Conſpiracy with *Cataline*, who was ſtrangled in Priſon.

(21.) Another of the Conſpirators, who died the ſame Death.

(22.) The chief Conſpirator, who died fighting with his Enemies. See *Saluſt.*

(23.) Here my Author paſſes to Beauty.

In the Temple *of* Venus *the* Goddeſs *of* Beauty.

(24.) The *Goddeſs* of Hunting, Daughter to *Latona* and *Jupiter.*

(25.) Here the Poet Anſwers the Queſtion ſuppoſed to be ask'd by the Mother, *Why do you blame me?*

(26.) *Lucretia* the Wife of *Collatinus*, for her Beauty Raviſh'd by *Tarquin*, upon which ſhe killed her ſelf.

(27.) The Daughter of a Captain, *Virginius*, whom *Appius*, one of the *Decemviri*, cauſed his *Pimp Clodius* to claim as his *Bondwoman*, that he might the more eaſily corrupt her; at which her Father ſlew her: See *Florus*, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 14. The Rape of *Lucrece* was the occaſion of the Expulſion of their *Kings*, and *Kingly Authority*; and the fate of *Virginia*, was the occaſion of the aboliſhing the Government of the *Decemviri*, with the death of *Appius* and *Clodius.*

(28.) An ugly crooked Woman, who lived till ſhe was 97 years old: *Pliny*, *lib.* 7. takes notice of her.

(29.) A

(29.) A People of *Italy*, near *Rome*, famous for the *Chaſtity* of their Women, and their *Piety* and *Religion* to the *Gods*: A People who lived *plainly*, *homelily*, and *virtuouſly*.

(30.) This Corrupter, is either he that would make a *Pathick* of the handſom Boy, or Gueld him, and in both Caſes they may be ſaid not to remain men.

(31.) *Sporus* was a youth whom *Nero* endeavour'd to turn into a Woman, by Guelding, *&c.* and Inciſion.

(32.) Whom *Vulcan* caught in a Net while he was lying with *Venus*, feign'd to be a Planet.

(33.) It was an Ancient puniſhment of *Adulterers* among the *Romans*, to take the *Mugilis*, which we Tranſlate a *Mullet*, but it muſt be unlike ours, a very prickly Fiſh, which they ramm'd up the Fundament. The *Athenians* puniſh'd them in like manner with a *Raddiſh-Root*.

(34.) A Nick name, Ironically given to this Mothers nown Son, from *Endymion*, beloved by the *Moon*, as the *Poets* feign.

(35.) *Lubin* calls this *Servilia*, Mother to *M. Brutus*; if it were ſhe, he muſt mean deform'd by Age, for ſhe was *Concubine* to *Julius Cæſar*: nor could ſhe be living now.

(36.) A Noble, Rich, and Prodigal Woman.

(37.) A Rich and Covetous Woman.

(38.) A Queſtion put by the Mother.

(39.) The *Poet* Anſwers.

(40.) *Hyppolitus* the Son of *Theſeus King* of *Athens*, whom his Mother in Law *Phædra* fell in Love with, and when he refuſed her, enraged thereat, ſhe accuſed him to her Husband of attempting to Raviſh her. He fled from his Fathers rage, the *Horſes* in the Chariot being frighted by two *Sea Mouſters*, ran away up to the *Hills*, and he and his *Chariot* were torn in Pieces. He had made a Vow of *Chaſtity*, and follow'd *Hunting*, wherefore

fore *Diana* requeſted *Æſculapius*, as they feign, to reſtore him to life, which was done, and he went afterwards into *Italy*, where he was call'd, *Virbius quia bis Vir.*

(41.) The Son of *Glaucus King* of *Ephyra*, whom *Sthenobea* Wife to *Prætus King* of the *Argives* was ſo taken with, that She courted him to lye with her, which he refuſing, ſhe accuſed him to her Husband of attempting her, which coſt *Bellerophon* abundance of troubles and dangers, and hardly could he ſcape with life at laſt.

(42.) *Cajus Silius* who was appointed to be *Conſul.*

(43.) The Wife of *Claudius* the *Emperor*, mention'd *Sat. 6.* who when *Claudius* went but to *Oſtia*, would needs Marry this *Cajus Silius* publickly, with all the Ceremonies uſed at publick Marriages.

(44.) The *Auſpex* was always preſent at the Marriage, and *ſacrificed*, &c.

(45.) The *Notaries* were by to ſee the Writings ſign'd and ſeal'd.

(46.) This is ſpoken to *Silius:*

(47.) Here he intimates that his Beauty was the cauſe of his death; he was afterwards Crucified by *Claudius* his Command, before *Meſſalina*'s Eyes.

The old Scholiaſt makes *Claudius* to be by, and ſign the Marriage Writings, diſſembling his conſent.

(48.) *Tomacula* were pieces of *Liver* and *Pork* incloſed in the Guts of the *Hog*, and like what we call *Sauſages.*

Swine were the moſt Ancient *Sacrifices*, as *Varro* ſays.

(49.) *Sardanapalus*, the laſt *King* of the *Aſſyrian Monarchy*, ſo exceſſively *Effeminate* and *Luxurious*, that his *Captains* conſpired againſt him to kill him: But he made a *Pile* of all his precious things, and burn'd himſelf in his *Palace.*

(50.) The labours of *Hercules* are ſo commonly ſpoken of, they need not be told here.

(51.) I

(51.) I here follow the *Louvre* Print, and another Edition, in little, which I have ſeen.

Nullum numen habes, ſi ſit Prudentia nos te
Nos facimus fortuna deam cœloq; locamus.

which ſeems to expreſs the *Author*'s meaning better than the common reading:

Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit Prudentia ſed te
Nos facimus fortuna deam cœloq; locamus.

No Deity is wanting to the Wiſe;
We Fools make Fortune ſo, and place her in the Skies.

I have follow'd the former, becauſe I think he does not mean that the Gods are always on the Wiſe-mens ſide, who are often unſucceſsful; or that wiſe men needed no Gods, who had bidden 'em leave all to the Gods before; but that they had no need of the aſſiſtance of Fortune for a quiet life, and Fortune is no Deity to the wiſe, but to Fools.

Fortune thou art no Goddeſs to the Wiſe.
Fools make thee ſo, and place thee in the Skies.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

IN the Epiſtle, page 2. inſtead of *I muſt think*, read *I may think*. In the Tranſlation, p. 1. for *Longimus*, *Longinus*. p. 2. for *Aurorem*, *Auroram*; for *extuperans*, *exſuperans*; for *noſte*, *nocte*. p. 4. for *codem*, *eodem*. p. 6. *R. fortunæ*. p. 7. for *'am*, *'em*. p. 14. for *induperator* with a little I, a great one. p. 12. for *poſuit*, *potuit*. p. 15. for *Captive*, *Captain*. p. 26. for *flamine*. *ſtamine*. p. 28. for *Optandos*, *Optandas*. p. 32. for *Immo*, *Olim*; tho' the Edition with the *Notæ Variorum*, has it *Immo*. p. 38. for *Piſa's*, *Piſo's*. p. 1. for *Couſul*, *Conſul*.